

A Trip to the States,

BY THE WAY OF THE

YELLOWSTONE AND MISSOURI,

BY J. ALLEN HOSMER,

With a Table of Distances.

VIRGINIA CITY, MON. TER.

BEAVER HEAD NEWS PRINT.

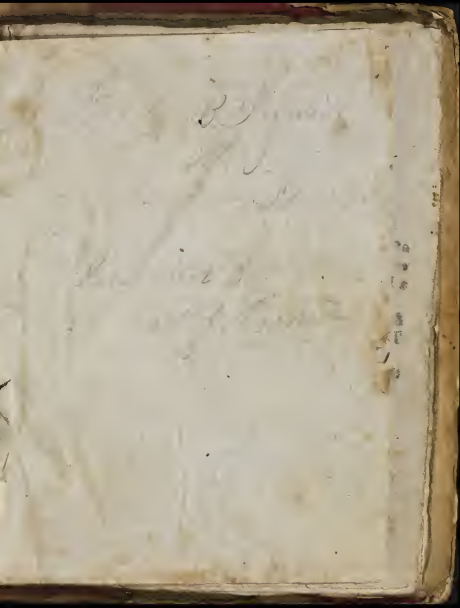
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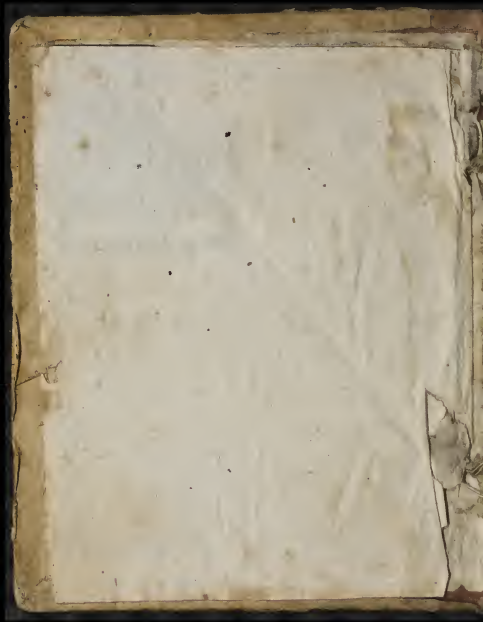
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INTRODUCTION.

I am about undertaking to write a brief sketch of a trip to the States by way of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, which trip was not only ~~three~~ a beautiful country, but was also very unpleasant.

As I have headed this pamphlet a trip to the States, I will commence at Virginia City in the Territory and finish at Detroit, Michigan.

The story will speak of the camping ground, the boats, and the beauties of the river.

Entered according to an Act of Congress,

BY J. A. HOSMER.

In the Clerk's Office, of the First Judicial District of Montana Territory.

1866.



rather wet when we had got across the divide. At one o'clock we arrived at the right side of the divide. There were a little more on board than they could carry.

(7) We started at a late hour, and then started in a light wagon drawn by two black horses. We had a good deal of trouble in getting across the divide, but we finally got across and arrived at the States.

A TRIP TO THE STATES.

APRIL 21, 1866. — After a great deal of trouble getting ready, at last a light wagon drawn by two black horses drove up in front of the door and after putting on about half a ton then we all took a farewell glass of wine and got into the wagon. After getting in, one of our neighbors threw an old shoe after us, but the shoe went crooked and we supposed that it meant crooked luck; well, we started at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and on ascending the divide between the Stinkingwater and Madison rivers, we encountered a storm of snow and rain, and having only a cloth cover to our wagon, we were

rather wet when we had got across the divide.

At one o'clock we arrived at the Eight Mile House where some men were a little merry on account of having more liquor on board than they could comfortably carry.

We stayed here but a moment, and then started and in a short time we came on to a level plain and there you may see a beautiful range of mountains in the distance, and by looking back we could see the snow storm we had just passed through, finally the sun came out and we had pleasant weather the rest of the afternoon.

At about half past three we arrived at Newman's ranch, situated at the crossing of Willow Creek twenty miles from Virginia, here we met some men bound for the Yellowstone, whose wagon had broken down the day before a few miles back, and they were waiting here for it to come up, they were armed with double barreled shot guns and Colt's revolvers.

We were here only a few moments and then started on, we passed a great many wagons bound for the Yellowstone after about an hour's travel from Newman's. At half past five, we entered a very pr

ty canon, and in crossing a mud hole in said canyon we broke one of the whiffletrees to our wagon after a little trouble we succeeded with birch wood and rope in fixing it up, we started on, and just at dark we drove into Merritt Young's ranch, or as it is often called the Half-way House, we got a very good supper of Antelope and potatoes, and after spreading our blankets on the ground floor of the cabin we retired, having made thirty miles.

Sept. 22. — At about six o'clock we arose and the first thing on the programme was to find our horses, we looked until half past seven, but saw no signs of them, then we got breakfast, and about half past nine we found the horses two miles down the road, we harnessed them and then could not start on account of Major Barrett one of our passengers being absent, at length he came up the road swinging his arms and we jumped into the wagon and started, after going three miles we came to the Hot Spring from which the Hot Spring Mining District receives its name, we took a look at that and then went on and crossed the divide between Meadow Creek and the Madison river, which divide is covered with beautiful Pine trees and huge boulders.

After crossing this divide we went down into the valley of the Madison, and we followed this river over a rocky road for six miles then we crossed at a place known as Foreman's ranch forty miles from Virginia, here we left the Madison, and after going twelve miles we left the road and took to the open prairie. Not one of us knew where we were going at the time, but at last after climbing hills and crossing long prairies, we at last came to the canyon we were looking for. We entered the canyon about five o'clock in the afternoon, and were then about four miles from the Gallatin river, when about mid-way in the canyon, in crossing a sideling place in the road, the wheels of our light wagon with its heavy load broke, and the wagon and its contents after turning three times in the air, landed in a ravine thirty four feet from where we started, there were six of us in the wagon and not one of us was hurt, the tongue broke from the wagon and the horses stood still and looked on. Gingerbread, sugar, paper collars, quartz specimens, and divers and sundry other things were found here and here, we gathered them up and we got them to the top of the hill with difficulty on account of the hill being perpendicular.

dicular. The fire arms landed on the chickens which we were taking to our ranch.

We then started on foot, and a little after dark arrived at our ranch, and after partaking of a small supper we retired for the night.

Sept. 23. — This day we stayed at the ranch, and I went fishing with Mr. Samuel Russell in the Gallatin; but his luck was a little better than mine, because he caught about thirty fish and I caught one, but we had a fine mess of fish for supper, nothing else of account happened this day.

Sept. 24. — To day we went to a beautiful spring situated on our ranch, and in the afternoon we practised firing at a mark, in the evening we took a walk around to a Frenchman's that lived near by and bought a quarter of Antelope, we then returned to the ranch and retired.

Sept. 25. — Left the ranch at about eight o'clock in a lumber wagon drawn by two mules and horses, after going about a mile we forded the Gallatin river which is a very rapid stream, then we rode through a pine forest about a mile in length we then forded Cottonwood creek, then we crossed a prairie nine miles and then forded the East Galla-

tin river, and at eleven o'clock we arrived at Boze-
man City, seventy five miles from Virginia, we
bought potatoes and turnips enough here to last us
through the trip, while here an old man came run-
ning up from the East Gallatin and said he had
heard some Indians in the water at that place.

Then to tell the truth I was frightened, I expect-
ed at every turn in the road to be met or pursued
by a hostile band of Sioux or Cheyennes, but as
good fortune would have it they were not Sioux
but Flatheads who were friendly toward the whites
but deadly enemies of the Crows who have their
hunting grounds in this vicinity.

We left Bozeman at twelve o'clock and after go-
ing a few miles we ascended the divide which sep-
arates the Gallatin from the Yellowstone, the ascent
is very steep, and as we went up, we looked back
and could see Bozeman City and nearly all the Gal-
latin valley in the distance.

This divide is twelve miles in length and for mos-
t of the way is covered with very large pine trees, the
rest of the way is rocky.

At four o'clock we descended the divide, which
as steep as the ascent, after getting down we ran in

to a mud hole and got stuck, the tongue went under the root of a tree, and in trying to get it out we broke the evener, here we stayed for a while and finally succeeded in getting out, and after running through ruts and mud holes for about five miles, we camped on an open prairie ten miles from the Yellowstone, not more than three miles from where, two weeks before, two men were killed by Sioux Indians. There we were only six in number, and in a hostile Indian country. We all felt a little nervous expecting that our "har might be rized" before morning, but darkness had overtaken us and the roads being bad we were in danger of breaking the wagon if we went on, so after making a fire, and having a supper of Antelope without any seasoning and bread without any butter, we retired under the wagon, and had a blustering wind during the whole night.

Sept. 26. — we arose very early, and harnessed up the horses and started without breakfast, after driving a few miles we came in sight of the lofty peaks of Immigrant Gulch, and the green trees that border on the Yellowstone, at half past seven we entered the canyon, the rocks on either side rise to

the enormous height of almost a mile.

After following the canyon up two miles, drove into a beautiful grove of Cottonwood trees. In this grove there were over three hundred people camped, they amused themselves by hunting, fishing, reading and stealing, but the latter was stopped by the Vigilance Committee, who put an end to it by the Vigilance Committee, who put out notices that they were in session.

The scenery in this vicinity compares in grandeur with that of the Yo Semite valley in California only the trees are not so high.

We could not start on account of all boats not being built, we spent most of the day in and around camp, and in the evening formed an assembly and made some rules. One of which was as follows.

That they should not fire a gun in the Indian country, (you will see how well this rule was kept, for this was over we retired to our boat.

Sept. 27. — Early this morning the boats were finished being thirty six in number, and divided into four different fleets No 1. Knox & Bradb fleet of 10. boats, these boats were sharp at the bow thirty two feet long, three feet high, eight feet in the centre, and four feet wide at the stern.

The names of the boats in this fleet were as follows: No 1. Jeannie Deans, 2. Montana, 3. (our boat) Antelope, 4. Lady Pike, 5. Helena City, 6. No name, 7. St Louis, 8. Lady Jane, 9. Otter and 10. Autocrat.

The second fleet was Bivens' of nine boats, these were common Flat boats, and were of different length they had small cabins on the stern, they set sail on the 26th. and therefore I do not know the names of the boats.

The third, was the German Flats of nineteen boats these were common Flats or mud scows, the family boats had cabins but the others were the plain scow used in the states for hauling mud.

The boats spoken of above were all built of pine lumber. Fleet No. 4: belonging to Van Cleave & Hanson, consisted of four boats, built of Cottonwood lumber, and sharp at each end like the original Mackinaw boat, there were a few other boats which were built for use of private families, one of these was the handsomest boats in the outfit which they called the "Gipsey WELLS" it was built similar to Knox's boats only on a smaller scale.

Having described the boats, I will now proceed

to describe the trip.

This morning we hurried about and got our things from the wagon into the boat, and at ten o'clock our boat got its crew on board which consisted of the following named persons, MRS. H. L. HOSMER, MISS S. E. Hosmer, H. L. Hosmer, L. E. Ingersoll of Wisconsin, R. M. Campbell of Detroit, Edward Hosmer of Leavenworth, W. M. Buchanan of Sioux City, O. D. Barrett of Washington, D. C. Sheldon Schmidt a dutchman from eastern Iowa and myself.

We started on rapid and sailed down one mile and camped for the rest of the boats to come up, in going that mile we passed through five rapids, we encamped in a thicket, after landing some of our men set the woods on fire and it burnt very pretty for a while, we loafed around until about three o'clock when most of the boats arrived and then we all set sail for America, there were about twenty boats with us at this time. After going about two miles we made our exit from the canyon, and sailed on, after going four miles we ran on a gravel bar, our men jumped into the water to get the boat off, some of them jumped a little too far and went into water above their waists, but we finally got off and sailed

down eight miles and hauled up to an island, when we arrived a large Elk with immense antlers crossed the river, some of our boys attempted to follow it but it gave them the slip by recrossing and they having no means of following were obliged to abandon the pursuit. An old hunter told us that we had chosen a very good spot for fighting Indians because said he, "the Indians will not fight unless they have the advantage," and here we had the advantage because the island was covered with willows, and furnished ambush for us as well as the red skins.

We cooked our supper of bacon and potatoes, and ate it, after they had all had theirs, they formed a meeting and Charles Davis an old Missouri steamboatman was elected pilot of the fleet, and Lieut. Robert Shilling a man who had seen considerable service in the late war, our military commander. We then retired to our boats, and it was very comfortable under a pair of Mackinaw blankets, because it was a freezing cold night.

Sept. 28. — Having learned that some of the Flat boats that were to bring families were behind, we agreed to wait for them to come up, at nine o'clock they arrived and we once more set sail, we

ran into rapids every half mile, just before reaching one of these rapids, we landed to let the slow boat catch up, in landing, Schmidt (who was almost always in trouble) attempted to take the rope ashore by jumping from the bow of the boat, the stove falling on the bow, that set him to stumbling, and the next moment he went head foremost into the river, and the first thing he grabbed for was the stove, but he did not hold on to that long, he grabbed another and with a little assistance was saved with but a little inconvenience of a good ducking. O. D. Barr caught the stove, thus the idea of going on with uncooked meals soon obviated. Schmidt went back behind a large boulder and changed his clothes, after that it was a byword with the folks on our boat that "Schmidt when he went into the Yellowstone took the stove along for a life preserver."

The river thus far is bordered on one side with beautiful Cottonwood groves on the other either with high bluffs or level plains, at noon we camped in a thicket of rose bushes, here we saw the foot print of a very large bear, but the "bar" was not to be seen, at one o'clock we left this camp, we passed through a great many wild rapids during the after

noon, but passed through them all except one without any trouble, this rapid we reached at four o'clock where all the boats hauled up in short order, the rapid is at the crossing of the Bridger road, which runs from Fort Laramie to Virginia City, the water in this rapid is not over a foot and a half deep, after a little trouble we got off and sailed on, this rapid is eighty miles below our starting point, after we got off we travelled fifteen miles and drew up for the night, our camping ground this night was on the left hand bank in a thinly scattered grove of Cottonwood trees at the back of which was a small hill about two hundred yards from the bank, on which we placed our guards, we had a very good supper of Elk and after eating it, we spread our blankets on the ground and went to bed.

Sept. 29. — We arose very early, got breakfast at half past five and were afloat at six, soon after starting we saw an Elk fight on one of the distant hills.

The river still continues to be full of rapids and are very dangerous ones, the country through which we are now passing is an open plain, and seemed as if it were filled with mounds.

At about ten o'clock as the boats were passing sand stone cliff, the inmates of each boat fired toward it as they passed, we all thought the dreaded Sioux were upon us, but turned out to be a little duck which everybody was firing at, but no one seemed to hit it, soon after we came in sight of wagons corraled in a Cottonwood grove on the right bank of the river about three miles ahead, (this looked like civilization) we sailed on and found it to be Col. Sawyer's expedition, bound for Virginia City, the colonel was very kind, and gave us some tomatoes, peaches and fresh milk, we stayed here two hours, during which time we got a narrative of their trip from Judge Smith.

At two o'clock we started, and after going a short distance, at a bend in the river where the water had cut under a high rock, the current was very rapid, and the channel runs very close to the rock and it requires a skilful steersman to pass it in safety, all passed by safely except the "Lady Jane" which ran into the rock and stove a hole in the bottom so we had to stop to fix her, this let the flat boats get the advantage. We landed in a thick Cottonwood grove. WE were here about an hour and then started

on. Twelve miles below Sawyer's camp we passed the mouth of the Big Rosebud river, which is about half a mile wide at its mouth, and when we passed it looked rather shallow, we went on and at half past five we turned a bend in the river, which runs at the base of a large mountain, it looked as if it might be an ambush for Indians, the river was not over four hundred yards wide, notwithstanding the looks of this place our pilot made himself interesting by crossing and camping on the opposite side of the river which was the worst of the two, I would not speak of this if there had been any necessity of stopping, but the sun was over an hour high, and we could get better camping grounds below.

Our camping ground this night was among a lot of dry timber and on a bank ten feet high, from all appearances it had lately been the camping ground of a band of Indians, a great many in the fleet complained of this camp to the Commander in Chief, who answered in a very interesting tone "I would not want a better place for fighting Indians," but most of the fleet did not have that opinion of the place because it was plain to be seen that if the red skins should attack us we would have to take to our boats

and the river being full of rapids we were in danger of sinking our craft, and breaking our necks getting down the bank if we had to fly during the night, but luckily the Indians did not attack us. We had a supper of fried Elk, then spread our blankets on the ground and retired.

Sept. 30. — We arose this morning at half past three, the dew that fell during the night wet our blankets through, a few moments after we arose a voice from our boat said a man was in trouble, we went to see who it was and it turned out to be Schmidt who had gone to get some water to make coffee, and fell head foremost down the bank, we got him out and his first exclamation was "Mine Got und Himmel." we set sail at twenty minutes after six, the country now breaks into Yellow sand stone cliffs it is from these rocks that the river receives its name.

The Flat boats were ahead this morning, and the rapids still continue to be bad, at half past ten we came to a very bad one, a flat boat got upon a boulder in this rapid and could not be moved, a man started with a rope in a small row boat to be of assistance, but the current was so strong that it upset the boat, and the man floated down a short distance,

when somebody threw him a rope which he succeeded in catching, and was thus saved from a watery grave. Our boats came along just as this man started out, and our boat was the only one of the Mackinaw's that struck, and we landed on a boulder in the middle of the river, the rest of boats went on and waited for us a mile below, we were almost dipping water when we swung off, we expected every moment to see the bottom of our boat floating on ahead. This rapid answers the description of the first rapid of the Yellowstone, mentioned by Lewis & Clarke.

we went on and met the rest of the fleet, and all proceeded on together. In the forenoon we saw as we imagined a herd of Buffalo feeding but I think it was only a mirage. During the day we passed a great many grey cliffs with large veins of coal running through them, these cliffs were very high and invariably at the base was a rapid. The bad rapids still continue and in the afternoon in descending one, we ran into a tree that had lately been fallen by beaver's, and broke a double barrelled shot gun all to small bits, and the stock off from a Smith & Wesson rifle, this looked discouraging but we

fixed the rifle up, and was only minus a shot gun.

At half past four we passed the mouth of Clark's Fork, it is a very good sized stream, and comes in from the south side under a high bluff, at five o'clock we camped in some willows, backed by a small grove of trees, and back of the grove was the open prairie, in this grove was an old Indian wick up, but soon after our arrival was torn down and used for fire wood. We had a supper of Antelope, and after our camp fires were lit there appeared on the distant hills just as the sun was setting, a large drove of Mountain Sheep. Our blankets were spread on the sand, and we went to bed more contented than we were the night before.

October 1. — we arose and got an early breakfast, and was off at fifteen minutes of six, we passed a great many remarkable grey cliffs on the right with veins of coal, like those we passed yesterday.

During the forenoon we passed the mouth of Pryor's Fork which is a small stream and comes in from the south, a little after noon we passed Pompey's Pillar one of Lewis & Clark's land marks, we had a copy of their travels with us, and it is with great accuracy that they have described the land

marks thus far.

Pompeys Pillar is a large yellow stone rock, and can be ascended only from one side, it seems as if the river had cut it from the main range of yellow sand stone which is on the north side of the river, the river bends around the rock which is over three hundred feet in height, and perpendicular, all except at the back where you can ascend, we did not stop and I can therefore only speak from appearances.

About thirty five miles from where we camped last night, we passed three points of yellow stone on the north side of the river, which seemed to be covered with hieroglyphics, and as no one had named them before us we called them the "Three Towers".

The cottonwood groves still continue and some are very beautiful, the river begins to grow deeper and less rapids appear, but still rapids appear once in awhile. We have passed a great many cliffs with veins of coal to-day, on these cliffs we saw game paths which run up almost perpendicular, we supposed they were the tracks of the Mountain Sheep we also saw in these cliffs a large quantity of swallows and the twittering of these little birds cheered

us up and made the men row easier.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon we saw an old Buffalo bull on a distant hill pawing dirt. This was the first animal of this kind we had any certainty of seeing since we started. At four o'clock we saw a large herd of Buffalo feeding on the hills, our boys in accordance with the rule made September 26. stopped the boats and went hunting, we got a little vexed at this and went on with a few other boats.

As we left the pilot hallooed something after us which we understood, "if you leave us we'll hang you for mutiny when we catch you," But we went on.

Just after we left four Buffalos crossed the river right in front of our boat, we sailed on some twenty miles and stopped in a cottonwood grove on the right bank, opposite to a high grey bluff, for the night with seven other boats.

We slept on the bank until midnight, when waking up my ears were assailed with the intermingled cries and howlings of wolves, coyotes, night hawks, and other creatures, whose business it seemed to be, to render "night hideous". Among other noises was a peculiar whistle, long, trilling and frequent, which came from different directions. T

aroused my suspicions that all was not right, and that the Indians were in reality upon us, and were surrounding us, and signalling each other, to mark their progress. I roused the family and we changed our quarters to the boat, with the intention, as a last resort, to push out into the stream, in case of an attack, but just as we had got fairly located in the boat, one of the guards came in, and on making known to him our apprehensions, he, on hearing the marvellous whistle, informed us that it was the call of the male to the female Elk, and was very common, in the rutting season with those animals.

We slept soundly after this, until the hour arrived to make preparations for our departure in the morning, and awaked with scalps untouched by the "friendly sons of the forest."

October 2. — This morning we were afloat at twenty minutes of six, it was a very beautiful morning, and we sailed on down by the yellow bluffs, and picturesque groves.

At nine o'clock we passed the mouth of the Big-horn river, this river gives a muddy color to the Yellowstone which heretofore has been very clear, the river also begins to grow wider and a great deal of the

time to-day, the river was over a mile in width

The Bighorn river comes in from the south and is not very wide at its mouth. At the mouth of this river there is a very pretty site for a town, and before many years shall pass away, the metropolis of Montana will be at the mouth of the Bighorn river, and more than likely some of the members of the last Legislature will take up their abode in this vicinity.

Twenty miles below the Bighorn we passed a high yellow sand stone rock, and on account of its shape, we called it Citadel Rock.

The handsome cottonwood groves still continue, and if it were not for the expectation of being fired into by savages every moment, the traveler would enjoy the trip hugely.

In the afternoon we came to where an island occurs in the river, the left hand channel around this island is filled with snags and rapids, and most of the boats went this way but we did not like the looks of it, and took the other channel which is the longest and the river runs very slow, and we were an hour going around this island which is about two miles in length.

This island answers to one described by Lewis &

Clarke, where they speak of going ashore, and finding an Indian lodge, but it being toward evening we did not land. After we got around this island we came in sight of old Fort Sarpee, we stopped here and cooked our supper, all that remains of this old fort is two chimneys, this fort is on the south side at a bend in the river.

While we were encamped here, the Mackinaw fleet we left the day before, came up and passed us, after supper we started and caught up with the rest of the fleet about three miles below and we all camped together for the night, having made about eighty miles. our camping ground this night was under a high bank, which bank was on south side of the river and covered with cottonwood trees.

October 3. — we were afloat very early this morning with the rest of the fleet the pilot did not threaten us with hemp, but told us to take our place in the fleet which we accordingly did. During the day we passed a great many red sand stone cliffs described by Lewis & Clarke, and many other things described by them, among which were the Buffalo Shoals, these shoals are six miles in length, and the river is not more than two feet deep, in the deepest

place on these shoals, we were two hours crossing these on account of very often running aground, and the moment we would strike bottom all the men would jump overboard and push the boat off, and we would start on again.

The bottom of the river on these shoals is hard yellow sand stone. The fall of three feet, spoken of by Lewis & Clarke as being at the end of these shoals has worn down, and only a rapid marks the spot where sixty years ago there was a waterfall.

About twelve miles below the Buffalo Shoals we passed the mouth of Tongue River which comes in from the south, we passed this river about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Directly opposite the mouth of Tongue River is old Fort Alexander, which was used as a trading post of the North West Fur. Co. from 1825. until 1850., this fort was built by Alexander Culbertson Esq. of Peoria Ill. This fort is in the same condition as old Fort Sarpec, there being nothing left except two old chimneys.

Late in the afternoon we reached what is called the Bad Lands (proper,) the cliffs with veins of coal grow more numerous, the cottonwood groves begin to disappear, and the soil is white sand. rapids are

also becoming less frequent.

Our campingground this night was in the bad lands on a sand bank, when we arrived the men enjoyed themselves by washing for Moss Agates and some very fine ones were found, some of the men went to hunting Elk and Deer, the bullets whizzed around a persons head as if a battle was going on, one Elk and one black tailed deer were all that was killed, we had Elk for supper. and slept in our boats.

October 4. — This morning we took two men on board to help row, whose names were Ben. Payne and — Lewis. We ran today with two sets of oars. Cottonwood trees we begin to miss. And the scenery changes into large bluffs with veins of coal, and high banks of different colored earth which were very beautiful. During the day we came to another place described by Lewis & Clarke known as Bear Rapid, this rapid is half a mile in length, and the stream is filled with very large boulders, some of these rocks are large enough to build a house on.

At noon to-day we landed to get wood and while looking around we came across a green wolf skin, and following on further, we came to fresh foot prints

and we being aware of the fact that no Caucasian Mongolian or African, traveled in this part of the country alone, we came to the conclusion that the foot-prints belonged to an Indian, whereupon we took caution to get into our boat, and strike for the middle of the river, we were behind most of day, at last night (which was always welcome) came, we camped in a grove of straggling trees, after supper we all went to work to rig a sail-pole for the boats. they were all finished by ten o'clock and looking through the moon-light we could almost imagine a large harbor of commercial vessels in front of us, and for a description of what was at our back, I will refer my readers to the last part of Goldsmiths poem of the Deserted Village.

October 5. — This morning we arose at half past five, it was a very beautiful morning, and soon after starting we came in sight of blue mountains in the distance, we expected to reach the Missouri by evening, but we were deceived, we passed more of the red hills spoken of by Lewis & Clarke.

At about nine o'clock we passed the mouth of Powder River, which comes from the south. At half past ten we heard a loud roaring ahead, not

unlike that of a waterfall, we expected the noise came from a rapid that we had dreaded from our start, which Lewis & Clarke called Wolf Rapid, from the fact of seeing a wolf on a boulder in the rapid, it was what we expected, soon after hearing the noise we came in sight of white surges in the distance, we sail on, the "Jeannie Deans" piloted by Davis entered the rapid first and in trying to avoid the white surges, landed on a rock.

The "Montana," piloted by R. J. Paulison of Hackensack, N. J. followed Davis and got on a rock at the bow, the current then took the boat around and it struck on a boulder at the stern, it was now aground both at the bow and stern, and in a helpless condition. Our boat came next piloted by Edward Hosmer, who made for the white waves, the rest followed us, and all passed through in safety, except No. 6, which received a slight injury at the head of the rapid, Davis' boat got on a rock close to another that stuck out of the water, and one man got out and pushed it off, Paulison as this boat passed threw a rope, which was caught, and they all got off safely. This rapid is almost as wild as those of the Niagara or St. Lawrence rivers.

WE camped below and looked at a vein of coal. Wolf Rapid is the last rapid of the Yellowstone, and by far the worst. To-day the scenery was large bluffs and high banks. At evening we camped on a sand bank about a quarter of a mile from a small clump of trees, to which place we had to go for wood, some of our men went out after wood, came across an old Indian lodge, and in this lodge they found an old log covered with hieroglyphics, which were made with some black substance. We drew a sketch of these hieroglyphics, and I have tried to have them interpreted but as yet have succeeded no further than to find out that they belong to the Blackfoot Indians.

During the evening a very beautiful Aurora Borealis appeared in the north and lit up the whole surrounding country. These lights were so bright and the night air was so chilly, that we could imagine ourselves in the Polar seas very easily.

The man whom I have mentioned as ——— Lewis left us this night and took another boat.

October 6. — we left this morning in advance of the other boats, but were passed soon after, and were behind most of the day there being only one

of two Flat boats with us.

At nine o'clock we passed the last place described by Lewis & Clarke which they called York's Dry Creek, this comes from the north, there is only a bed of a creek comes in here.

At about ten o'clock we saw as we supposed, Indians hunting Buffalo, but were not certain whether it was so or not, we being behind the others, it was most likely imagination.

We have been looking for the Missouri all day but see no signs as yet, the river is wider and the banks are like the Missouri. In the afternoon we came to a place where the river looked as if it had stoped, one of the men of the flat boat saw this, and said in a forlorn hope sort of a tone "I guess the river's played out," but the river had not played out. We sailed on and about four o'clock we came to the mouth of a small stream that comes in from the east, the name of which I did not learn, at its mouth it is so rapid, that it and the Yellowstone together formes a whirlpool, we whirled around once and then got out.

At evening we caught up with the rest of the boats which were encamped at Braseau's House.

These houses as they are called, are situated a plain covered with brush and are a little from the river, they were used as a trading post the North West Fur Company, but like the other two nothing remains except chimneys.

The "Montana" was taken out this evening and for an injury received on WOLF RAPID. supper two of the flat boats started out to run night. This night we slept on shore.

October 7. — WE arose at three o'clock and off at four, soon after starting a large drove crossed the river right in front of our boat, so I asked what they were and Payne answered "must be either Antelopes or Leopards," this a laugh, although Payne seemed to be in good nest all the time.

Passing a bluff in the forenoon the immigrants each boat began to fire we wanted to see who were firing at and found it to be a Big Horn was standing about half up the bluff which was perpendicular, and as every shot was fired the would shrug up against the bank, as if, to the bullets. Finally one of the men belonging to the "Otter" killed it, and with difficulty succeeded.

getting it.

To-day we passed a great many curiously formed banks resembling mason-work. The banks grow lower and the river wider. We sailed along a little behind the fleet all day. About three o'clock we heard a tremendous firing a little way ahead, we did not know but what the other boats had been attacked by Indians, but it was not so, after going on about a mile, we found the meaning of the firing was that the boats had reached the long looked for Missouri.

WHERE THE Yellowstone empties into the Missouri it is about a mile wide, below the mouth the Missouri is the same width as the Yellowstone, but above the mouth it is not much more than wide enough for a good sized steamer to pass through.

We took a farewell look at the Yellowstone and sailed on, after going two miles we passed Ft. William an old ruined fort that was used by the North West Fur Company, some years ago.

We sailed down seven miles and camped for supper, Dr. Bradway of the Otter, made us a present of some Bighorn and we had a very good supper.

After supper (knowing there were no rapids ahead) we started for a nights sail.

At seven o'clock the moon rose just as we were passing the Glass Hills, these hills are on the south side of the river, they receive their name from their smooth appearance, while passing these hills the boys amused themselves by hallooing and hearing the echo, which reminded us of the Hudson Highlands, it being very distinct, they soon got tired of hallooing, after they got through, an Englishman on No. 6 sang the song "When first I went to sea," he sung it very well, and we felt quite at home during the evening.

At eleven o'clock we hauled up on a sand bar, all the men jumped overboard and we were soon off, after getting off the bar Davis turned his boat up stream and ordered his men to row, and turning to the rest of the fleet, with a loud voice said "Follow me boys," but we had just come from that direction and we had no idea of going back, so we all turned down stream, as soon as this "Ancient Mariner" discovered his mistake he turned his boat around, his dignity of superior pilot was somewhat lessened.

October 8. — we landed at half past three and breakfast under a high bank, and were off at five. We sailed through a desolate looking country all

the night a red light was seen (head)

during the day we passed the mouth of the Big Bombese or as it is often called the Big Muddy river, at this river there is a large bend in the Missouri which is about half a mile across, and twelve miles around.

At five o'clock we landed for supper, and to wait for the moon to rise, while here we made an arrangement with man whom we called "Jack" (who belonged to the "Gipsy Nell,") to come on board and help row, he had been on two or three whaling expeditions, and was tatooed all over. at nine o'clock the moon rose and we started and sailed all night.

October 9 — This morning we landed on a sand bar at six o'clock for breakfast, after breakfast we started and sailed on with a head wind all day.

In the afternoon we passed White Earth River, this river comes in on the north side, and at its mouth the ground is very white, this is 135 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. Late in the afternoon we were hailed by one of the Flat boats who told us that a Crow Indian hailed one of Van Cleve's boats in the morning and told them that a great number of Indians were lying in wait for our fleet, this put us on our guard.

This evening we encamped on the south side o

the river in a thicket of willows for supper, and when the moon rose we sailed on.

October 10. — This morning before day-light we were hailed by some Indians in the the following words, "Charley come out cheer," as soon as we heard this all heads were down, and rifles were taken in hand, but as the Indians did not fire at us, we thought we would follow their example.

This day it was very windy and also very cold, at seven o'clock we landed to get wood, and after getting some we started.

The country through which we are now passing belongs to the Assinaboines, which are a very treacherous tribe of Indians, they go on the principle of to-day a friend to-morrow an enemy.

Soon after breakfast we passed the mouth of the Little Missouri River, it is a small stream and comes from the south.

During the morning Schmidt got a little mad and wasn't going to row, and made himself disagreeable generally, finally Major Barrett spoke up and said "now you can see the reality of Mr. Lincoln's joke the difference between an Amsterdam dutchman, any other **** dutchman," this raised a laugh, and

succeeded in quieting Schmidt.

In the forenoon we came to an Indian Village situated on the north side of the river, two Indians came out to meet us in a bull boat, (a bull boat is a round boat made of hide and ash wood, only two persons can ride in it, a person must get into a bull boat close to the shore or at least in shallow water, because if they get on from a stermer or row boat, they are in danger of being upset.) these Indians traded a Buffalo robe for one of our blankets, we found out that these Indians belonged to the Arickarees or as they are more commonly called the Ree tribe, this tribe is about 800 in number.

Soon after leaving the Indians we overtook one of Bivens' boats, that left us at the canyon on the Yellowstone, they told us that they had been fired into once since they started. we sailed on through a head wind all day. Late in the afternoon Major Barrett shot a wild goose on the wing, we got it, and had a first class supper.

At five o'clock we turned a curve in the river, and right in front of us was Fort Berthold, this fort is situated on a very high bank with a vein of coal running through it, this coal is all that they use at the fort

for fires.

At this place there is an Indian Village of the Gros Ventres, Mandans and Rees, which three tribes consists of about 2500 people, they have died off with small pox, and what remains of these three tribes have joined themselves together for the purpose of defending themselves from the hostilities of the Sioux and Assinaboines, at this place we met an old Indian of the Gros Ventres, whom they called "Long Hair" on account of his hair being so long that it nearly touched the ground, and he prized it very highly, he had lost his daughter, he explained her dying to us as well as he could by signs, and in mourning for her he had cut his hair close to his head.

Here we met Captain Bassett with sixty rebel soldiers who were guarding the fort, we visited the sutlers store and bought some cauned grapes, damsons, etc

WE overtook the whole of Bivens' fleet here, and two large flat boats from Fort Benton, which went by the names of Helena City and Raw Hide Clipper.

WE were told here that we had better go through

Painted Woods an Indian Village eighty miles below with a good force, the reason they gave, was, that every boat that had passed through there the foregoing spring, had been fired into, so we made preparations for that place, and then retired for the night.

Oct. 11. — This morning we arose at six o'clock, we got breakfast, and then went to look at an Indian Cemetary, about a quarter of a mile from the fort, these Indians bury their dead on scaffolds, but when they are "great big," such as a Chief, Soldier or Medicine Man, they stick them up on poles. This is the most ghastly looking place I ever was in, at every step you take, you can see skulls and bones lying under the scaffolds and poles exposed to the human eye and winds of heaven. After viewing this last resting place of the poor dead man, we turned our steps toward our boat.

We started with a head wind and sailed down three miles into Dancing Bear Bend, and threw up to the shore to wait for the wind to cease, it being so strong that we could hardly move, the other boats stopped with us, we made some large fires and spent the day as well as we could under the cir-

circumstances.

Mr readers will see by adding up the number of boats spoken of heretofore, that they amount to more than thirty six. "I have failed to say that a great number of the German Flats foundered coming from Immigrant Gulch to the starting point.

At two o'clock the wind ceased and we got into our boats and set sail. after going eight miles we came to Cerec Bend, here Davis who had most of the boats under his command ran down two miles into a pocket then had to turn around and row back. I think he thought his occupation was gone after this, because all the boats left him, that is, they would not follow him, he sent word on by another boat to have the fleet land we did not obey, until after sailing four miles, when we all camped together under Manuel's Rock, we made a fire of coal, had a very good supper, and then retired. Manuel Rock, is a lone rock on the east side, at a bend in the river, about fifteen miles below Fort Berthold.

October 12 — We started at six o'clock, thirty six boats in number; we had a cold head wind most of the day. at about three o'clock we passed the Mandan Village, where Lewis & Clarke spent the

winter of 1803-4, the site where the village was is on the west side of the river, on a small bank, about two hundred yards from the water, a few sticks stuck up in the ground are all that marks the spot where the Mandan Nation (who now have their reservation at Fort Berthold,) once lived, this tribe numbers about 400.

Six miles below the Mandan Village we passed old Fort Clarke, where the North Pacific Railroad is designed to cross the Missouri. Fort Clarke is a high bluff, and the remains of a fence are all that may be seen. We sailed on about four miles, and all camped together among some willows having made about sixty miles.

October 13. — We all started at four o'clock, and at nine o'clock we passed through Painted Woods, this is a narrow place in the river, with thick woods on each side, which affords a good ambush.

In the summer of 1804. a mackinaw boat with twenty five persons on board started through this place, and got aground, their powder had got wet so they could not use their guns. The Indians attacked them, and they had to rely on a howitzer for protection, but that soon knocked a hole through

their boat, and they were forced to give themselves up. The Indians massacred them all.

About one o'clock we passed the mouth of Hart River, some Indians appeared on the bank with a white flag, we supposed from this that they were friendly, but when they invited us to come on shore we did not accept their invitation, the boats were all ahead except the "Raw Hide Clipper," which was with us.

Hart River is a stream of clear water, and comes into the Missouri from the west side, under a high bluff, at a bend in the river.

We sailed on with a head wind, and at evening we passed the other boats which were encamped on Burnt Boat Island, this island receives its name from the steamer "Assinaboine," which was burnt off this island, it is sometimes called Assinaboine Island, but not very often, we sailed on all night.

AT about eleven o'clock we came across an old Buffalo bull who was swimming the river, our boys fired several shots at him, but did not succeed in killing him, so we landed, and followed him over a sandy plain about a mile, and then succeeded in bringing him to the ground, we butchered him, and

took half on board of the "Raw Hide Clipper," and the other half we took ourselves.

During the night we passed Fort Rice, without seeing it, and were looking for it all the next day, but having come up the river since, I can explain its situation. It is situated on an elevated bank, on the west side of the river, and is backed by the open prairie. The river at this place is about a mile wide, and is very shallow, this is the largest fort on the river and is directly opposite to the place where Sully and Sibley had their battle with the Santee Sioux.

October 14. — Early this morning we passed the mouth of Cannon Ball River, the mouth of this river is filled with rocks of different sizes, all of which are round like a cannon ball, it is from these that the river receives its name, this comes in on the west side ten miles below Fort Rice.

After going twenty three miles further we came to Beaver River which comes in from the east.

Before reaching Beaver River, we were followed seven or eight miles, by an Indian, who hailed us, but we somehow did not like his countenance, and therefore did not land, when he found he could not

get us to go on shore, he hallooed some gibberish which we understood to be, that some Dakotah Indians wanted to make a treaty with us, but we gave him to understand that we had nothing for that purpose, and so he left us.

During the day we passed the mouth of Grand River, this is a small stream and comes in from the west, this was all of account that happened this day, but during the night we got hard aground, every body jumped overboard, and in three quarters of an hour we were off and sailing on.

October 15 — About seven o'clock we passed the mouth of Moreau River, this river comes in from the west, when we passed there was a small rise, and this stream, although small, came in with great rapidity, sending water so thick with mud that we could see it floating, we had nothing to settle our coffee, but if my readers had seen the bottom of our cups, they would say we had something to thicken it.

We sailed on with a head wind all day. About noon we saw a steamer some distance ahead, every body was making up their minds to desert the boat, we sailed on, and a little below the mouth of the

Little Cheyenne River, we came to the boat, it was the steamer "Belle Peoria," but was high and dry on a sand bar about eighty yards either way to water, we went on board of her and looked around, we found three barrels of coal oil, and the cabin furniture all there, but the boat was deserted. we were here about an hour, and then proceeded down the river, after going about four miles we stopped to gather bull berries, these berries are like the red currant, we had a head wind all day, toward night we were hailed by a party of soldiers, whom we at first thought were Indians, and we made tracks for the opposite side of the river, but when we found that they spoke English we landed, we found that one of their horses had given out, and that a soldier wanted to go on with us, we consented, and he came on board, night came on, and it was very dark, so dark that we could not see where to go, so we tied up under a high bank for the moon to rise and then started on.

October 16 — This morning was a very pleasant one. we sailed along with a sail raised most of the day.

At eleven o'clock we passed the mouth of the Big

Cheyenne River, the water in this river is of a milkyish hue, this river comes in from the west.

Soon after passing the Cheyenne we were passed by the rest of fleet, they travelled with us until evening, when they camped on the west bank of the river, and we went on.

Soon after leaving them the wind began to blow very hard, we raised the sail, and went along very nicely until we reached the mouth of a small stream which goes by the name of Shanty River, here we hauled up rather quick on a sand bar, with difficulty succeeded in lowering the sail, then came thunder and lightning, Payne was cooking his supper at the time, and he got frightened, and he would very often say "we'll all be killed, we'll all be struck by lightning, there's too much iron on this boat," and other expressions which showed that he was fearful that his day had come. Finally it began to rain, and Payne was going to be on the safe side, so he takes his coffee-pot and empties its contents into the fire, when he found the coffee did not extinguish it, he takes a bucket full out of the Missouri and tries that, with this he succeeds. The storm still continues, and Payne still complains of the

lightning, to the great amusement of the rest of our party. After raining about an hour the storm ceased. most of the men jumped overboard and soon got the boat off the bar, we raised the sail and started, and we felt like saying in the language of the poet.

“How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone:
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity!”

After getting off the bar we sailed down one mile and camped on a high bank, the men had to go half a mile for wood to make a fire, and there was but one dry match in the outfit, and with this they succeeded in lighting the fire.

Soon after our arrival Major Barrett (who was fixing the fire,) went to the boat, and asked Payne [who was yet excited,] to hand him some kindlings, Payne answers “get them yourself if you want them.” Barrett then told him not to be a fool, Payne then said “you call me a fool? where’s my gun?” after rummaging around awhile he found his

gun, he cocks it and levels it at Barrett, who squares himself and says "shoot," with this he lowered his gun, took his blankets, and started for the woods to retire, we slept in the boat in wet clothing and wet blankets.

October 17. — We started this morning before sunrise, and went along "kiting," as the saying is.

After going seventeen miles, we passed Fort Pierre, this is on the west side of the river, and all that remains of it is a number of old chimneys, this place is considered half way from St. Louis to Fort Benton, we did not stop at this place.

At about noon we came in sight of a steamer tied up at the Fort Sully Landing, again the crew were going to desert the boat, we sailed on and found the steamer to be the Calypso which was in the employ of the Government, for the use of the Indian Commission who had come up to treat with the Sioux Indians.

Major Barrett and our family left the mackinaw for the steamer. In the afternoon the mackinaw started, and we started to visit Fort Sully, which is about a mile from the river bank. This fort consists of one stockade, three sutler stores, one billiard

hall, and while we were there the fort was surrounded by Indian tiepies, or as they are more commonly called, wigwams, after looking around awhile, we returned to the boat, about supper time, the "grub" looked a great deal better than any we had seen since we left Virginia.

And I being aware of the fact that I had had nothing to eat, since the preceding morning, made up my mind that I was hungry, and took steps accordingly.

October 18. — The Indian Commission consisted of the following, Major General Curtis, of Keokuk, Brigadier General Sibley of Minnesota, Rev. Mr. Reed of Epworth, Iowa, Hon. Orrin Guernsey and son, of Janesville Wisconsin, Brevet Lieut. Col. Curtis of Fort Leavenworth, messrs Ruth and Hitt of Washington, Dr. Wood and family of Pittsburgh. Hon. Newton Edmunds, Governor of Dakota, E. B. Taylor of Omaha, Hon. A. W. Hubbard of Sioux City, and Captains Morrisson, Mott and Maurice,

During the day the commission listened to a speech made by Shon-kah-wak-kon-ke-desh-kahor Spotted Horse third chief of the Two Kettle band of Sioux.

Speeches were also made by some of the leading men of the Blackfeet, Minneconjou and Suns Arc, band of Sioux, and concluded with a speech from Ah-ke-tche-tah-hon-shah or Tall Soldier, one of the chiefs of the Onkpahpah band of Sioux this chief is a tall savage looking fellow, and is said to be a great friend of the whites, we had very good meals on the boat and felt quite at home.

In the evening we visited the Indian camp, and saw them dance, I will explain as well as I can their mode of dancing. They form a circle composed of four or five males, and the same number of females, then the old chief begins to halloo and jump up and down, soon after this the squaws join in the chorus, and thus they keep it up, until morning light appears.

"Making night hideous, and we fools of nature.

So horridly to shake our disposition, [soul?]

With thoughts beyond the reaching of our

After witnessing their dance, and hearing their unearthly yells, we returned to our boat, more enlightened, as to the Indian character

October 19. — This morning we saw a very fine eclipse of the sun.

The Commissioners held council to-day with the Two Kettle (hostile) band of Sioux, the tribe was represented by the following named chiefs and soldiers, viz - Chiefs, Cha-tan-seah, or White Hawk. E-to ke-ah, or The Hump, Shon-kan-wak-kon-ké-desh-kah, or Spotted Horse, Mah-to-ke-desh-cah, or Spotted Bear. Soldiers, Mah-tah-to-pah, or Four Bears, Chantatomoneomene, or whirling heart Mahtoahachah, or The Bear that is like him, and rahbookazahnompub, or Two Lances, the last named individual made a speech of two hours and a half in length, in which, the following was some of his language.

You wish us to go and plant corn, God gave us the heavens and the earth, the Buffalo and a little stick (meaning the arrow,) we use the arrow to slay the Buffalo, we have always done it, we have planted corn, and when the frost did not destroy it, the whiteman generally did, we do not want you to build forts upon our lands. we do not like to see these piles of little earth that you throw up, for we know that roads will soon follow, they will frighten the Buffalo away, and the buffalo is what we live upon, and when it goes the red man goes too. Can't

you see it! You know this, and you lie when you say you don't. We will be at peace with you, if you will let us alone. We show you our papers, there is not an arrow or a ball on them. They were given to us by the big chief who swears (meaning General Harney,) the chief with the grey beard.

Tell our Great Father (meaning the President,) these things." In this manner this man continued, and gave the commission much trouble, but finally came forward and touched the pen six times, once for each offence that he had against the government.

I copy the above report of the speech of "Two Lances," from a letter to the "Montana Post" by one of our company, from Fort Sally.

After the above named chief had finished, the soldier "Whirling Heart," who had become a little vexed at the speech of "Two Lances," came forward, and said, "who's afraid to touch that pen, I'll touch it with my hands and feet," where-upon he touched the pen with both hands and both feet.

The above speeches were spoken in the Indian tongue, and interpreted by a Frenchman named Zephier Recontre, and he would always commence his interpretations in the following manner. "He

says, says he, that he says," after going through with this rignarole he would tell what the Indian said, but that was always the commencement of his interpretations

After this was over we returned to the boat and got dinner. After dinner we returned to the fort to hear the council with the Blackfeet (hostile) band of Sioux, this tribe was so wild that it was with difficulty that the commissioners succeeded in getting the head men into council.

This tribe was represented by the following, viz. wah-hah-chunk-i-ah-pee, or The One that is used as a Shield, wah-mun-dee-wak-kon-o, or War Eagle. Oya-hin-di-a-man-nee, or The track that rings when it walks, and Shon-kah-hon-shah, or Lost Dog, a speech was made by the former and a treaty effected.

October 20. — The most interesting thing that took place to-day was the distribution of goods to the Two Kettle band heretofore spoken of. Early this morning the deck hands were at work unloading the boat of over 200. boxes of Pilot Bread.

And wagons came from the fort with Coats, hats, calicoes, sugar, coffee, blanket, hams, powder and

bullets.

After the goods were all landed, the squaws came and opened the boxes that contained the goods, and took what was given them by Captains Morrison and Mott, and then started with their packs, some of which weighed over a hundred pounds, but these women seemed to shoulder their loads very easily and would carry them to fort without stopping to rest, the men would stand around and tell the women what to take.

Dr. Wood's family and our folks were coming from the fort to the boat, and we heard as we supposed a person singing we went to see from whence the noise came, and found an old squaw wringing her hands and crying like a good fellow, we found an interpreter and asked him to find out what the matter was. From her story it appeared that she was one of the squaws of "Spotted Horse," and that she had got into difficulty with another squaw, and the other squaw had given her a whipping and a couple of hard tack and told her to leave that she couldn't have any thing more, so she fled to the willows, and began crying, and muttering curses on the other squaws.

This day a council was held with Brule band of Sioux, this band was represented by the following chiefs, Muz-zah-wy-ah-tay, or Iron Nation, Tah-ton-kah-wak-kon, or Medicine Ball, Pta-son-we-chak-ay, or the One who Killed the white Buffalo Cow. She-o-tche-cah, or Little Pheasant, and Pta-san-man-nee, or the white Buffalo Cow that walks.

A treaty was effected with the above named individuals.

Having spoken of all the councils that I attended, I will now give you a list of the population of Dakkotchah

Whites			500.
Yancton	Sioux	(friendly)	2530.
Ponka	"	"	1100.
Santee	"	" [hostile]	1043.
Brules	"	"	4800.
Ogalala	"	"	3065.
Two Kettle	"	"	780.
Minneconjo	"	"	2220.
Yanctonais	"	"	4200.
Onkpahpah	"	"	1225.
Sans Arc	"	"	1175.
Blackfeet	"	"	1200.

Wandering Sioux.	(hostile)	800.
Cheyennes,	"	3000.
Arapahoes	"	2800.
Gros Ventres	}	[friendly] 2500.
Arricarrees		
Mandans		
Assinaboines		
Crows	(changeable)	3280.
	"	3500.

 39718.

Total

To-day we visited the fort three times during the day and once in the evening. During the evening Captain Rea's, Mackinaw boat from Fort Benton, called the "Deer Lodge," arrived, this boat was ninety feet long and twelve feet wide. Captain Rea came on board our boat and spent the evening.

October 21. — WE visited Captain Rea's boat in the forenoon and saw a few men from Virginia, this boat was very comfortable, but we preferred the "Calypso," we visited the fort once, and loafed around the boat during the day, nothing else of account happened.

October 22 — To-day being Sunday we were on the boat most of the day, in the evening the Rev.

Mr. Reed delivered a sermon on "Faith," it was a very fine discourse.

October 23. — We are still in quarters and do not know when we will get away. It is raining and snowing, consequently we spent the day in the cabin. The pilot begins to complain; and says, "it will be impossible to get the boat down this season," the river is falling two or three inches every twenty four hours, and dark prospects of getting down begin to loom up, we have very good meals, and have to enjoy ourselves by sitting in the cabin.

October 24. — Still in quarters and no prospect of departing very soon.

October 25. — A messenger arrived about noon from Col. Pattee, and reported to the Commissioners, that he left the Colonel the night before, one hundred miles back on the Fort Rice road, with fifty Indians belonging to the Ogalala Sans Arc, Minneconjou, Onkpahpah and Blackfeet bands of Sioux, and would be at Fort Sully in four days, and they wanted the Commissioners to wait, and treat with them.

The river is still falling, and the pilot is still complaining.

In the evening the Commissioners held a meeting and passed a resolution, to the effect that, "If the Indians did not arrive on Thursday the boat should start on Friday, after hearing this we retired hoping the Indians would not arrive.

October 26. — It is still very cold, and floating ice appears in the river, the pilot still complains and says he cannot get down. The Indians do not arrive, and the Commission agree that the boat shall start to-morrow, and General Curtis, Governor Edmunds, Judge Guernsey and Mr. Hitt, will remain and receive the Indians, and then go overland and meet the boat at Sioux City. We were all very glad to hear that the boat was going to start in the morning, and the inmates of the boat spent the evening in playing muggins, euchre, whist, dominoes and backgammon.

October 27. — This morning at ten o'clock the fires were made in the furnaces, the above named gentlemen left the boat, and a company of soldiers commanded by Col. Thornton [commander of the post at Fort Randall.] came on board.

At a quarter past eleven they fired a howitzer which meant they were ready to start. At a quar-

ter of twelve, the Calypso with her:-

"streamers sailing in the wind," was afloat. Soon after starting there was a report that the boat was on fire we went to see where it was, and found the tar covering of the back deck to be in a blaze, but with a few buckets of water we succeeded in extinguishing it without it doing much damage. At two o'clock we stopped to wood, they soon got enough wood, and then they started, after going half a mile they stopped on account of a sand bar, which happened to come in our way, we soon got off, then sailed up stream four miles, and then crossed to the opposite side of the river, we then sailed down five miles and then stopped to wood again, at four o'clock we again started, we ran very nicely until we reached the foot of Roys Island [eight miles below Fort Sally,] when we again got aground, they began working with the spars, and they worked away until half past nine we got off, then we ran back to last place we took on wood, and camped there for the night.

October 28. — Early this morning the Captain took four men and a yawl and went down and sounded the water on the bar. At ten o'clock the boat

again started, and again struck the bar, they then began to work with the spars and nigger, and at two o'clock we got off, and started back to the old wood yard, we took on a good supply of wood, and then started down the river, we had no sooner reached the bar than we struck again, they again went to work and got off at eight in the evening, they were sounding the greater part of the time, and the deepest place on the bar was two feet, and the boat was drawing thirty inches. After getting off the bar we started back to the wood yard for the night.

Captain Morrisson of Keokuk, Iowa. [of whom I have heretofore spoken] was playing on a violin in the evening, while the ladies on the boat sung. I was passing behind his chair and accidentally touched his head, and then turned around to excuse myself, when, what should I behold but a wig on the floor and Captain Morrisson's bald pate exposed to view. He seemed a little embarrassed, but soon got his wig and put it on, amid the laughter of the passengers.

October 29. — This morning we again started, and were again stopped by the bar, at noon we got

off. The Captain now began to feel discouraged, and was going to take the boat back to Fort Sully and lay up for the winter, the Commission would not agree to this, but they made an agreement that everything should be taken from the boat and then try it once more, and if they did not succeed they could return to Sully for the winter. So they set sail up stream, and took on a large quantity of wood. They then started back, they landed at the head of the bar and put off all the cargo, except the ladies and children, the passengers and soldiers started on foot for the lower end of the bar a distance of four miles, and the Calypso put on as much steam as she could without "bustin her boiler," and then started for the bar, this time she succeeded in making it. We went down and got on board of her. We could not leave on account of the goods not being on board they had to send to the fort for wagons to take the cargo around the bar, they arrived late in the afternoon, and the goods on board by eight o'clock.

In the evening the Rev Mr Reed preached, after which we retired, rejoicing in the great event of the day.

October 30. — Started rather early, at seven

o'clock we passed old Fort George, which is at the commencement of the Big Bend, nothing remains of this fort but two chimneys, they stand on a small bluff on the west side of the river.

We made a very good run to-day, but we were stopped by sand bars a great number of times, and as soon as we would stop the nigger and spars would be at work.

About noon we passed the mouth of Medicine Creek, it is a small stream and comes in from the east. It is said that its banks are covered with Prairie Dog Villages.

A great quantity of mush ice has been floating in the river to-day, and we have apprehensions that it will freeze up before we can get down.

we camped this night near the head of the Big Bend, the passengers spent the evening in playing games of different characters.

October 31. — Started this morning before daylight, and while we were at breakfast we heard a tremendous thumping on the bottom of the boat, cups of coffee were upset, the table was cleared, and the passengers all hurried to the deck to see what the matter was. It turned out to be a reef of

rocks which the boat had run on, they are very bad in low water, but when the river is high they can be passed over without any difficulty. The river at this season was very low, and was also filled with floating ice, and this hindered the pilot's steering. We were on these rocks until three o'clock in the afternoon. they had the spars at work a little while but they didn't seem to do any good, so they stopped them. After they found the spars would do no good, the mate and four men went ashore and made a "dead man." A "dead man" is four sticks planted in the ground, and an anchor or a stout piece of wood is placed between them, [we used an anchor,] a rope was attached to the anchor, and brought on the boat, they then wound the rope around the capstan, which is worked by the nigger engine, we broke four hawsers, and then did not get off, so we tried a fifth one and with it succeeded, after getting off the boat swung, and hit another rock, the jar was so great that it sent a soldier overboard, he had on a heavy blue overcoat and cape, when he fell the cape went over his head, he managed to get this off from his head, and then struck out for shore, but before he got there he landed on a

sand bar, and waited for the yawl to come to his rescue. He was brought on board chilled through and his first words were "The boat was too slow for me, and I thought I could reach Fort Thompson before it." Dr. Wood was ready with a hot whisky toddy, the soldier partook of it and then visited a warm fire, at which place he spent the day.

This night we landed at the foot of the Big Bend, the crew made up their minds that they would land here for the winter, after landing they reported this to the Commission. Gen Sibley told them they could land here, but the Government would not be responsible for their boat, after hearing this they said they'd make another trial. In the evening a number of the passengers visited Fort Thompson which is four miles by land from where we camped.

November 1 — Started before day-light. At eight o'clock we passed Fort Thompson, this is a very handsome fort, it is built of logs, and white washed, which gives it a good outward appearance it is situated on the east side of the river, it is a reservation of the Santee Sioux, this place also goes by the names of Crow Creek Agency and Usners Landing.

Just after passing Crow Creek Agency, we ran on a sand bar, and spent the day, we did not get off until after dark, we then went ashore and laid up for the night.

November 2. — Gen. Sibley, Col. Thornton and the soldiers, left the boat this morning, to go by land to Fort Randall. They left us two Indian messengers, to put off at American Creek and White River, they were left to take word to Gen. Sibley, whether the boat could cross the bars at the above named places, or not, and if not they arranged it so as to bring wagons down, and take the passengers.

Major Shreve, a Paymaster in the U. S. A. came on board at this place. we started about ten o'clock and sailed along very nicely, at half past eleven we came in sight of American Creek, then came the thought "Now for another day's visit to a sand bar," but we passed over it all right, after passing the creek, we landed to let one of the Indians off and then started on. At two o'clock we came in sight of WHITE RIVER BAR, this is considered the worst bar in the Missouri River, as soon as the the pilot saw the bar, he gave the signal to put on a good head of

steam, we rubbed across the bar, going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and should we have struck I think some of the passengers would have received a fall, just below the bar is White River, this is a small stream and comes in from the west, where it makes its exit into the Missouri, it is very shallow, the mouth of this stream is filled with white rock and the banks are bordered with straggling trees.

After getting past this river we landed to let the other messenger off, and as we left we could see him ascending and descending hills, until he was lost to view.

To-day we made sixty miles, but we could not get along without the daily disaster. The one that happened to-day was off St. Mary's Island, at which place the rudder of the boat came in contact with a sand bar and was unshipped, and it was with much trouble that the pilot succeeded in getting ashore.

November 3. — At an early hour we started, and at ten o'clock we passed the Bijou Hills, these hills are some five miles along the river, they are very high, and bare of verdure of any kind. These hills are the most picturesque scenery on the Lower

Missouri. We sailed on, and about noon we got aground off Little Cedar Island, we soon worked off, then we sailed up stream three quarters of a mile, and camped. The Captain and four men went to sound the bar, but they could not find a place deep enough for the boat to cross, so they returned with the expectation that the bar would wash away during the night.

November 4. — We had to stay all day, at the landing before mentioned, on account of a head wind, near the bank was a thicket of rose bushes. I was roving among these thorny plants, and tore my "Sunday Breeches," as soon as I discovered the rent, I found the chambermaid and had her sew them up, so it might not be seen, but three days afterwards a keen eye discovered the stitches, and wasn't there a few remarks made about my carelessness, "OH NO!"

The deck-hands gathered wood all day, and most of the passengers spent the day in hunting, but like our Yellowstone rangers, brought nothing back with them.

November 5. — This morning we started very early, and about four o'clock we came in contact with a sand bar. One of the passengers who slept

in an upper berth said "the way I found out that we had struck a bar, was by waking up and finding myself on the floor." WE soon worked over the bar and was again sailing on.

To-day the wind was not so strong, we made very poor progress. we stopped to wood several times during the day. At about three o'clock we came in sight of a flag-staff, and almost as soon as we saw it, a sand bar came in our way, and we stopped, the nigger and spars soon got us off and we sailed on.

After sailing about four miles we landed in a beautiful cottonwood grove, we walked through this grove which is about a half a mile in length, at the end of the grove is the village of Fort Randall, in the centre of the village is the fort, [which is the handsomest one on the river.] inside of the fort are the Officers Quarters and Dwellings and the Parade Ground. Outside of the fort are the Residence of Gen. Todd, a Sutler's Store, a Photographic Gallery, a Block House, and a few private dwellings.

We all wanted to leave the boat, and take the stage for Sioux City, as soon as the Calypso landed my father hired an Indian to take him across the river in a dug-out, so that he could engage passage

in the coach, but they could not take our baggage, and had a sideling road to cross on the banks of the Missouri, and we remembering our disaster in the Gallatin Valley, concluded not to take it.

My father went to visit Gen. Told. and his son came with his horse and carriage, and took my sister and self out to grave-yard, for a ride, it was getting dark, and one of them said they saw a ghost, as soon as the word "ghost" was uttered, the old horse was wheeled around and they started back to the fort at a rapid rate, but as soon as they had passed the first house in the village the horse lessened his speed. We drove around the village, and then returned to the boat.

November 6 — Left the fort before day-light. A short distance below Fort Randall, on the south side of the river some distance from the bank, is a large rock which is called the "Tower," from its shape, you can see it after passing Andy's Point, which is the grove before mentioned.

After going twelve miles we got aground, we soon worked off then we sailed down two miles and landed at the Yankton Agency, they were here two hours taking account of stock, of some of the things

that the Commission left on their journey up the river. WE went up into the village, and saw some Big Chiefs, among others was "Strike the Ree," head chief of the Yankton band of Sioux, while we were here, we bought some Moccasins, and Dr. Wood bought each of his little boys a pipe, and gave them some strong tobacco to smoke, and before the day was done, the boys were sick a bed.

At half past two we reached the mouth of the Niobrara River, this comes in from the south west, at its mouth it is a quarter of a mile wide and also very shallow. The English name for this stream is Running water, and the French name [by which it is more commonly known] is L'eau qui Court, we were on a bar at the mouth of this river for a half an hour, after getting off we again started. This river forms the boundary line between Dakota and Nebraska. The country in this vicinity is claimed by the Ponka (friendly) band of Sioux. Two miles below the L'eau qui Court, on the Nebraska side of the river, is a little place containing four houses and is called Niobrara City.

At three o'clock we stopped to take on wood at a lone house on the Dakota side of the river, fifteen

miles below the last named city, we stopped here for the night.

November 7. — We were detained at the lone house, [on account of a head wind] until four o'clock when we again started on our winning way. After sailing seven miles we passed Bonhomme Town, this town is built principally of logs, and is situated on a high hill, on the Dakota side of the river, we sailed along very nicely until we reached the west end of Bonhomme Island, when one of "these yere things you call bars," came in our way, we soon spared off, and ran down to the east end of the island, where we got aground between two snags, we stayed here until eleven o'clock. when we succeeded in getting off, we then went ashore.

About eight o'clock in the evening, while one of the deck-hand's was fixing the spar, the rope broke, and a large sized pully came in collision with his head, and laid him senseless on the forecastle. Dr. Wood attended him and he was at work the next day.

November 8. — WE waited until eight o'clock for Dr. Burleigh's folks, who were going down on the boat, finally they arrived, and got on board, then we could not start on account of the absence of

Captain Mott and the Second Pilot, who were out on a hunting expedition, after blowing the whistle a dozen times, they made their appearance, crawling along under the willows that grew on the water's edge; they had no game, but said they had fired at a rabbit and missed it. The boat then started, and we sailed along down, feeling as if we were reaching civilization once more. During the fore noon we passed some small cities which go by the names of Frankfort and Tepeota, but they not having more than three houses each, there is no use to dwell upon them.

Eighteen miles below Bonhomme, we passed Smutty Bears Camp, this is a low, marshy bottom on the Dakota side of the river, and is where "Smutty Bear," a leading chief of the Yankton Indians, had his camp many many years ago.

During the morning we got aground twice, but got off without much difficulty. My readers will notice in the List of the population of Dakota, I have set the population of whites down at 500, it should have been 5000.

At eleven o'clock we came in sight of houses on an elevated bank on the Dakota side, this was by

far the largest place we had seen since we left the Mountains, we went on and landed. The town was Yankton, the Capital of Dakota Territory. This place is on an elevated bank that is washing into the river at a rapid rate. This town has no streets but is scattered about in spots. The Capitol is a three story frame building, and looks more like a school-house than a place where they make laws, there are two groceries, and one hotel which they call the "Ash House," and there are also some very handsome private residences at this place.

We were at Yankton an hour, and then started, at half past one we passed the mouth of James or Jaques River, this river is very wide at its mouth, and there is also a very bad bar at this place, but we escaped it [HOW STRANGE.]

At half past three we arrived at the city of St. Helena, (not the one that Napoleon was banished to, but a more desolate looking one, unless the pictures flatter the other one very much.) This city contains one house and a saw-mill, when we got down to this place we found we couldn't go any further on account of a sand bar, and we couldn't cross on account of a bar, so we were pocketed, we

had to go up the river three miles, and then cross to the opposite side. After getting out of this scrape we went along very nicely, and hauled up for the night near the mouth of Bow River. During the evening we had a dance on the back deck, while we were dancing, there appeared in the distance, a prairie on fire, the blaze of which loomed up over the tree tops, and looked very beautiful.

November 9. — This morning we were off at four o'clock, at ten o'clock we passed Vermillion City, we did not stop. we made a very good run to-day, and camped for the night near the Heron's Roost.

November 10. — We were afloat early. About breakfast time we passed through the Heron's Roost, this is a very narrow place in the river it being not more than a hundred feet wide, and very deep.

we sailed on, at nine o'clock we stopped to take on wood, at what is known as the Dragoons Camp, this place is six miles from Sioux City, by land, and thirty five miles by water, we got wood enough to last us a short time and then started. Six miles below Dragoons Camp we passed a small place called St. John City.

we spent a great part of the fore noon in the cabin, on account of the wind being very strong. After dinner we ventured on deck, and a short distance ahead saw a yellow sand stone bluff, this is the first I remember of seeing since leaving old Fort Clarke. At the foot of this bluff was the mouth of a river, I asked what river it was, and was informed that it was the Big Sioux, which forms the boundary between Dakota and Iowa. just after passing this, we came in sight of houses, Judge Hubbard told me this was Sioux City. we had really reached the States and our "har" was on our head.

we soon arrived at the landing, got our baggage ashore, and left the boat. we went to the Wauregan House and got rooms, and had make ourselves contented until Sunday night when the stage started for the rail-road.

Rev Mr. Reed, Judge Hubbard, O D. Barrett, Dr. wood, and family, and our folks, left the boat.

The WAUREGAN HOUSE, is on the river bank, and is shaded by four or five maple trees. In the evening the inmates of the boat and hotel, had a supper and dance, I being tired went to bed.

November 11. — This morning when we arose,

we saw the Calypso winding her way under Floyd's Bluff, this was the last we saw of her. she was sunk by a cake of ice, at levee in St. Louis, the following month.

How changed was the Wauregan to-day, from what it was last night, when:-

"mirth, and song, and wine,"

ruled the hour. In a sequestered room, in the upper story of the hotel, lay a man, far from his family, closed in the arms of death.

"For him no more the blazing-hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee's, the envied kiss to share."

I spent the day in looking around the city, got some hosiery, and other neccessary clothing

SiouX City is situated in the north-western part of Iowa, two miles from the Dakotah line. It is a place of about one thousand inhabitants, and is built principally of frame buildings. It has one hotel, which furnishes very good vituals, but I can't say the same for the beds, [may be its because I had to sleep on the floor.] There is only one business street in this city, the rest are occupied by private

residences, and some of them are very handsome.

November 12. — I spent most of the day at the hotel. In the afternoon I attended the funeral of the gentleman spoken of on the 74th. page. After this was over, I took a walk out to a saw-mill at the upper end of the city, I returned to the hotel about six o'clock, got supper, then visited the parlor, where I spent the evening.

At nine o'clock P. M., the stage drove up in front of the hotel, and only fourteen got on board, besides the baggage and express matter, there were three seats in the coach, and ten occupied them, the other four rode outside with the driver. After going a mile, we all had to get out of the coach, to walk across the bridge over Floyl Creek, because the bridge was full of holes, we took a look at it. In the Middle States, people would hardly trust themselves to walk across such bridges as these, let alone driving a heavily loaded team over. After getting across we all crowded in, and the rattling of the old coach was once more heard.

At twelve o'clock we arrived at American Town, twenty miles from Sioux City. I wanted to see what sort of a town it was, and with difficulty got a peep

through the window, and saw the town, this town contains one house and a barn, the people in this country go on the principle of one house a village, two houses a town, and three or more houses a city.

We left this place with a drunken driver named Macklehaney. After going eight miles, we came to a bridge, and this fine specimen of a driver, missed the road. The passengers were all asleep, we felt an unusual jar, we woke up and found one side of the coach, five feet higher than the other, the wheels on left hand side had gone off the bridge, we all hurried to the door, and such scrambling was never seen before. Lieut. Rouse, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., got to the door and was siezed with cramps, and it was fun to see them pitch out over him.

A few stayed back and got the coach out of difficulty, while the rest walked on, this was the first night I ever walked on the open prairie, the night was calm, and falling stars could be seen in all parts of the heavens, and we had a very nice tramp "by the beautiful light of the moon," after going two miles the coach overtook us. We jumped in, and we were soon in the land of Morpheus,

November 13. — WHEN we awoke, the old coach was still rumbling along over the prairie. At seven o'clock we entered a very pretty grove, through this grove flows the Little Sioux River, which we crossed, this river empties into the Missouri, 106. miles below Sioux City, we drove on a short distance and halted in front of two dirty looking log cabins, the driver informed us that this was the breakfast station, and such a breakfast was never before seen for a DOLLAR. WE had beef steak which was tough that we could hardly chew it, two pieces of fried potatoes, a very small cup of coffee, sweetened with brown sugar, bread and molasses, the house was as filthy as a barn, and two or three dirty looking children stood looking at us, but the best thing of the lot, was charging a dollar, to make it pay [as they said.] We asked the name of the place, and they said it was Correctionville, (a very suggestive name.) We left on foot as soon as possibility would allow, the coach overtook us a mile beyond this place, where they correct people that make hogs of themselves. We had a very good driver from this place, to the next, which was Ida Grove, where we arrived for dinner, this is a very pretty place and

we got a very good dinner here. This place is situated on a steep hill, at the foot of the hill flows Maple Creek, [one of the tributaries of the Little Sioux,] which we crossed just after leaving the Grove. We travelled all the afternoon, over a prairie, and could see nothing but the blue sky, level ground, and sometimes very bad sloughs, in one of these we got stuck, we had to unload the coach, and lick the horses like blazes before we could get out, after an hour's pulling they succeeded, then we loaded the coach and got in, and the old rattling trap once more was in motion.

At nine o'clock we drove into Sac City, this place contains about five houses. The eating-houses at this place and Ida Grove, are the best kept on the road, we got a very good supper, and then started. Just after leaving Sac City, we forded the Raccoon Fork of the Des Moines river, after crossing this stream I bid farewell to the world for the night.

November 14. — We awoke this morning at Fitz Patrick's Farm-House, or as it is sometimes called, "The Grove." We got a breakfast here of potatoes, beef steak, preserves and coffee, and a dollar, as usual, was the charge.

We got a mean driver here. Soon after starting one of the horses gave out, and the coach "went to the tune of Old Hundred," but we succeeded in reaching Jefferson City (a small town in Green Co. Iowa.) at half past one, this is fifteen miles from Fitz Patricks. we got a very good dinner at the hotel. From here we had a very good driver, who took us to within six miles of rail-road, by ten o'clock. During the evening we passed a prairie on fire, it was a very pretty sight. we got supper at the Six Mile House, and it being a bad road from here on, we concluded to stay all night.

Novem er 15 — This morning we started very early, the scenery now changes from the open prairie to steep hills covered with dense forests, after descending one of these hills, we came in sight of the telegraph, and didn't it look handsome? After going a short distance further, we forded the Des Moines River, this is a very pretty stream, after crossing this river we began to ascend another steep hill, then we drove through a forest about two miles in length, then broke upon our visage the town of Boonesboro, this is a very pretty town, but the handsomest things in the place were the cars and loco-

motive. A person who has spent a year in the Mountains, and then returns east, will know how it seems at the first sight of the "Iron Horse."

we got dinner at the Boone City Hotel, and at half past one, we started on the Chicago & North Western Rail Road for home. we passed some very pretty towns, named:- Nevada, Belle Air, Marshalltown, Toledo, Blairstown, and at dark, we arrived at Cedar Rapids, on the Cedar River, we got good "square meal" at this place, and took a palace sleeping-car, this was the finest one I ever was in, I was asleep soon after starting. This rail-road crosses the Mississippi at Clinton.

November 16 — This morning at 5. o'clock we arrived at the city of Chicago, we rode across the city in a rickety old omnibus, and took morning train on the MICHIGAN Central R. R. we passed through a great many pretty places, got a good meal at MARSHALL, and arrived, at Detroit at 5. P. M. we went to Biddle House, we were in Detroit two days, when I went on a visiting tour, and the rest of my folks went to New York. Now my readers, (in the language of col. Thoroughman, when finishing a speech to a jury.) I am done.

Having finished this pamphlet, I must now go to work and make a few apologies. My readers will notice, that in a great many places where there ought to be full stops, nothing appears but comma's, my reason for this is, I had but one small font of type, and scarcely any capitals. One large "W" was all of that letter I had.

Secondly, I must make an apology for the register of the pages, having nothing but a little hand press, and being unable to print more than one page at a time, the register would very seldom print right.

This is my first effort at writing. And having read the printed edition, I find a great many grammatical mistakes, which I must ask you to overlook.

And I also behold more than one typographical error, but they happen in some of the best regulated offices, and besides I don't profess to be a first class

typo. Through the kindness of Major Bruce, in lending me a font of type, I am enabled to give a list of the distances on the Missouri River.

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—O—

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Island No. 15 }		Island No. 38 }		
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3

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20 Muscleshell Island	342	4 Deserters Creek.....	486
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10 Creek.....	398	14 Willow Bar.....	544
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Quaking Asp Creek		7 Strawberry Island ...	903
13 Buffalo Point	668	1 Strawberry Creek.....	904
2 Elk Horn Prairie ..	670	13 White Earth River	917
1 Elk Horn Creek....	671	10 Upper Knife River....	927
4 Tibeau's Cut Off....	675	43 L'eau qui Monte.....	970
14 Frenchmans Point..	689	4 Upper Grizzly Bear Isl	974
3 Choteau Point.....	692	7 Little Missouri	981
8 Etrennes, or		21 Beaver Dam Creek..	1002
Horse Shoe Cut Off	700	6 Fort Berthold	1008
2 " " Wood Y'd	702	3 Dancing Bear Bend..	1011
2 Dead Man's Lodge..	704	8 Cerec L.	1019
4 Rollets Trading Post	708	4 Manuels Rock.....	1023
12 Upper Bombeuse, or		19 Red Spring	1042
Muddy River	720	16 Lower Knife River ..	1043
4 Mackinaw Creek... ..	724	3 Mandan Village.....	1061
4 Dawson's Bend....	728	6 Fort Clarke	1067
33 Little Bombeuse, or		21 Painted Woods.....	1088
Muddy River	761	2 St James Island....	1090
22 FORT UNION.....	738	10 Buttes Carrees.....	1100

DISTANCES.

5.

16 Slack Water Bend...	1116	8 Assinaboine Island	1357
2 Hart Island.....	1118	10 Pashals Island	1367
6 Hart River	1124	18 Plum Island	1385
6 Burnt Boat Island...	1129	10 Devils Island	1395
10 Apple River.....	1139	15 Big Cheyenne River	1410
17 Fort Rice	1156	3 Cheyenne Island	1413
10 Cannon Ball River	1166	7 St. George's Island	1420
23 Beaver River	1189	14 Shanty Island	1434
1 Beaver Island	1190	3 Crooks Point	1437
3 Frimere's Point....	1193	8 Dead Man's Island	1445
5 La Barge's Creek...	1198	6 Proveau's Island	1451
9 Husband's Point....	1207	2 Shanty River	1453
5 Cheyenne Buttes...	1212	16 Ohumbijou Island	1469
10 Big Heads Camp...	1222	2 Fort Pierre	1471
3 Buttes aux Grains. or		2 Teton Island	1473
Little Soldiers Camp	1225	1 Teton River	1474
15 Big Muddy Creek...	1240	2 Fort Sully	1476
35 Old Ree Village	1275	1 Roy's Island	1477
2 Ashley's Island	1277	5 Farmer Simoneans Isl.	1482
5 Grand River	1282	15 Fort George Island	1497
13 Dry Island	1295	8 Lachapelle Creek	1505
Hurricane Island }	1302	6 Grand Cedar Island	1511
Fox Island }		4 Grand Island }	1515
14 Moreau Point }	1316	4 Raby Island }	
MOREAU RIVER }		10 Fort Defiance Island	1525
4 Antonio's Mound	1320	15 Fort Defiance	1540
4 Gen. Brooks' Point	1324	4 Medicine Creek }	1544
25 Little Cheyenne River	1349	4 Medicine Island }	

3	Head of Big Bend	1547	1	Island No. 101	1714
15	Big Bend Island }	1563	1	Martha's Island	1715
	Island No. 117 }		5	Chicot Island	1720
11	Grand Detour, or		10	Fort Randall, or	
	Foot of Big Bend	1574		Andy's Point	1730
9	Crow Creek Agency,		12	Tower Island }	1742
	Ushers Landing, or			Tower	
	Fort Thompson	1583	3	Yankton Agency	1745
9	American Creek	1592	19	Choteau Creek	1761
10	Big Cedar Island	1602	6	Ponka River	1770
3	Zephne's Creek	1605	4	L'EAU QUI COURT,	
3	Zephne's Island	1608		RUNNING WATER, or	
7	White River	1615		NIORARA RIVER	1774
12	St. Mary's Island	1627	3	Niobrara City	1777
8	American Island	1635	4	Rail River	1781
8	Bijou Hills	1643	25	BONHOMME ISLAND	1806
10	Duracks Island	1653	7	Island No. 95	1813
3	Brick Kiln	1656	4	Tepeota	1817
8	Bijou Island	1664	1	Frankfort	1818
3	Old Dave's Island	1667	3	Smitty Bear's Camp	1821
7	Harvey's Island	1674	3	Island No. 94	1824
5	Gen. Brooks' Island	1679	1	Beouf Island	1825
4	Trappers Island	1683	7	COTES A' DORION,	
6	Island No. 105	1689		STRIKE THE REE'S VILLAGE, or	
5	Little Cedar Island	1694		YANKTON	1832
9	Sonora Island	1703	4	Upper Beouf Island	836
5	Lower Grizzly Bear Isl.	1708	5	Jaques, or	
5	Point aux Chenes	1713		James River	184

DISTANCES.

7.

5 St. Helena.....	1846	13 Black Bird Hills.....	2032
3 Jaques Island.....	1849	7 Spread Eagle Cut Off	2039
3 St. James City....	1852	Wood Hills	}
2 Bow River	1854	2 Decatur City	
5 Nunrod Island.....	1859	Wood River	2041
9 Elk Bend	1868	2 St. Paul's Landing....	2043
3 Concord City.....	1871	5 Pratt's Cut Off.....	2048
2 North Bend.....	1873	10 Omaha Landing.....	2058
3 Little Vermillion River	1876	4 Cook's Landing.....	2062
1 Little Vermillion R. at	1877	14 Little Sioux River	2076
VERMILLION CITY		5 Tekama Landing.....	2081
17 Fort Vermillion Isl,	1894	9 Woodville, or Silver	}
3 Vermillion Island...	1897	Lake.....	
26 Little Iowa River...	1923	20 Little Soldier River...	2110
12 Herons Roost.....	1935	Big Soldier River:	}
8 Dragoons Camp....	1943	2 Cummingsville	
6 St. John's City.....	1949	5 De Soto	2117
7 Narrows Big Sioux.	1956	4 Magnolia	2121
5 Logan City	1961	8 Calhoun	2129
7 Big Sioux River....	1968	7 Old Council Bluffs	2136
2 Sioux City.....	1970	18 Boyer River	2154
1 Floyds Bluff	1971	6 Florence	2160
4 Sargeant Bluffs....	1975	14 Omaha	2174
" " City	} 1978	13 Council Bluffs	2187
3 Dakotah City		6 Bellvue Landing	2193
7 Omadi City.....	1985	1 Mosquito Creek	2194
26 McClellans Hills...	2011	2 St. Mary's	2196
7 McClellans Fort....	2018	2 Bellvue Island	2198
1 Black Bird Mission.	2019		

4 Papillion Creek	2202	4 Sonora	2291
1 La Platte Town	2203	1 Sun Island	2292
7 Platte River	2210	1 Cameron's Point }	2293
1 Plattsmouth	2211	1 Rock Bluff Island }	
2 Bethlehem	2213	1 Rock Port Landing }	2294
5 Tobacco Garden	2215	1 Brownsville	2297
2 Rock Bluffs	2220	3 Long Island	2299
1 Pocahontas Bend	2221	2 Hawley's Island	2300
1 Keg Creek	2225	1 Little Nemaha City	2302
5 Liberty Creek		2 Little Nemaha River	2306
Lower Keg Creek		3 Morgans Island	2308
Eureka Landing	2235	3 Derouns Landing	2311
9 Trudeaus Landing		3 Neshenabotany River	2316
3 Weeping Water, &		5 Hank's Landing	2317
Wyeming	2238	1 Elm's Landing	2323
11 Table Island	2249	6 St. Stephens }	2324
1 Nebraska City	2250	1 Louisville Landing	2325
4 Kearney Island	2251	1 Marietta	2328
5 Little Red Island	2259	3 Lewis Island	2330
3 Otoe City	2262	2 Winnebago City	2336
4 Line Island	2256	6 Rush Bottom Landing	2338
Linden Island		2 Yankton City	2341
10 Linden Landing	2276	4 Rulo City	2344
Narrows Neshenabotany		3 Nemaha City	2347
4 Dakotah Island }	2280	1 Big Nemaha River	2349
4 Dakotah Bend }		1 Jones' Point	2351
5 Peru City.....	2285	6 White Cloud	2353
2 Butchers Landing..	2287		

DISTANCES.

9

5 Little Tarkio.....	2358
1 Forest City	2359
2 Solomon Island.....	2361
2 Iowa City }	2363
2 Iowa Point }	
4 Wolf River }	2376
4 Oregon Landing }	
1 Upper Wolf Island }	2368
1 Upper Wolf City }	
2 La Fayette City.....	2370
Willow City }	
3 Willow Bar }	2373
Willow Creek }	
7 Dallas City, &	
Dallas Landing.....	2380
2 Iowa Island.....	2382
4 Columbus Landing..	2386
1 Laporte Landing..	2387
Nodowa River }	
3 Nodowa Island }	2390
1 Savannah Landing, or	
Arizona	2391
7 Savannah Island ...	2398
5 Belmont City.....	2403
5 El Passo Landing...	2405
1 Elwood, &	
St. Joseph	2406
11 Palermo	2417

8 Hells' Half Acre }	2425
8 Petersburg }	
3 Hart's Landing }	2428
3 Geary City }	
8 Doniphan.....	2436
2 Independence Creek..	2438
2 Rushville Landing....	2440
1 Rushville Island	2441
1 Atchison	2442
3 Sumner.....	2445
5 Port Williams.....	2450
5 Iatan.....	2455
5 Cow Island	2460
1 Kickapoo.....	2461
5 Weston	2466
1 Weston Island.....	2467
Fort Leavenworth....	2469
2 Leavenworth	2471
1 Leavenworth Island..	2472
3 Spar Island.....	2475
1 Delaware City.....	2476
2 Wiemer City.....	2478
1 Bowman's Landing....	2479
7 Diamond Island.....	2486
8 Platte River.....	2494
2 Parkville.....	2496
3 Quindaro	2499
4 Kaw Island	2503

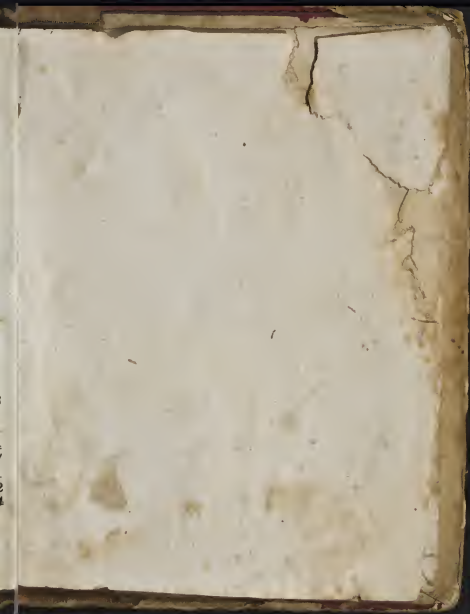
2 Wyandotte	2505	Camden Island	2565
2 Kansas River }		6 Wellington	2571
1 Turkey Creek	2506	3 Lower Wolf Island	2574
1 Kansas City	2507	3 Farmville Landing	2577
1 Choteau Island	2508	2 Lexington	2579
2 Randolph	2510	4 Lexington Island	2583
5 Big Blue	2515	1 Crooked River	2584
3 Maxwells Landing	2518	1 Hughes Landing	2585
2 Wayne City, or		2 Reeves Landing }	2587
Independence Land'g	2520	2 Lightners Landing }	
5 Sharp's Creek	2525	1 Tabeau Creek	2588
2 Liberty Landing	2527	1 Berlin	2589
7 Blue Mill Landing	2534	3 Dover Landing	2592
1 El Passo Landing	2535	1 Mill Landing, &	
1 Blue Mill Island	2536	White Landing	2593
4 St Bernard	2440	2 Baltimore Landing	2595
1 Richfield, or		3 Mobley's Landing	2598
Missouri City	2541	6 Waverly }	2604
3 Little Blue	2544	St. Thomas }	
8 Sibley	2552	2 Webb's Island	2606
3 Cogswell's Landing	2555	3 Hill's Landing	2609
3 Fishing River	3558	3 Hill's Island	2612
3 Cogswell's Island	2559	5 Snowden's Wood Y'd	2617
1 Fishing River Island	2560	1 McMullen's Landing	2618
1 Fire Creek		5 Barker's Landing	2623
1 Lavers Landing }	2561	1 Pruntes Island	2624
1 Napoleon }		4 Widow Thomas' Wood Y'd	2628
4 Camden			

DISTANCES.

11.

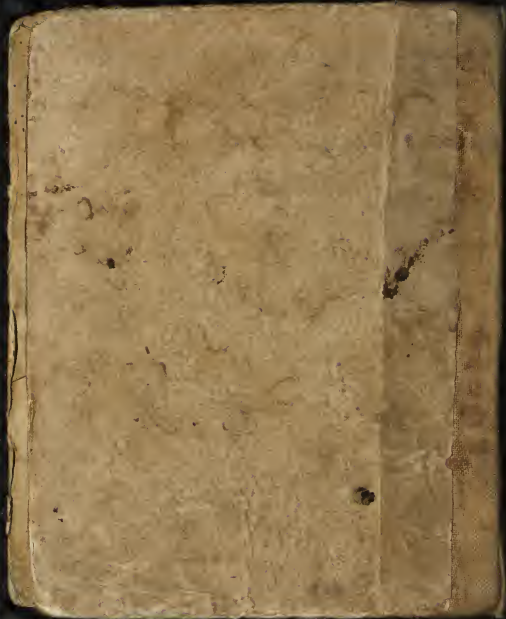
1 Thomas Island	2629	1 Booneville, & Old Franklin	2707
3 Miami City	2632	4 Bonne Femme Island, & Bonne Femme River	2711
5 Windsor, or Dewitt	2637	3 Diana Island	2714
8 Grand River	2645	3 Big Manits River, & Roch Port	2717
8 Grand River Isl. }		7 Roch Port Island	2724
1 Brunswick	2646	2 Mount Vernon	2726
5 Brunswick Island	2651	3 Moore's Landing	2729
2 Buck Horn Point	2653	2 Providence	2731
5 Applegates Landing	2658	2 Nashville	2733
7 Mainas Island	2665	4 Sandy Hook	2737
1 Sullivans Landing	2666	3 Manits River	2740
1 Frankfort "		2 Marion	2742
3 Cambridge Island	2669	3 Marion Island	2745
4 Chariton Island	2673	3 Stanleys Island	2748
1 Chariton River	2674	2 Claysville	2750
1 Glasgow	2675	6 Cedar River	2756
3 Bluff Port Land'g }	2678	2 Jefferson City	2758
3 Bluff Port Island }		Cedar Island	2764
4 Euphrase Island	2682	6 Walter's Landing	
1 Little Arrow Rock, or Saline City	2683	Moreau River	2768
3 Lisbon Landing	2686	4 Osage River	
1 Shipping Port Land'g	2687	3 Bennett's Landing	2771
3 Arrow Rock	2690	1 Osage Island	2772
5 Million Islands	2695	2 King's Landing	2774
2 Arrow Rock Island	2697	2 Bear Creek, &	
2 Lamine River	2699		
7 Goddin's Island	2706		

Wallace Landing	2776	3 South Point	2846
4 Smiths Landing	2780	3 South Point Island	2849
4 St. Auberts	2784	3 Augusta	2852
2 Smiths Island	2786	5 Culbaums Landing	2857
1 St. Auberts Island	2787	4 Tavern Rock	2861
1 <i>Riviere aux Vases</i>	2788	3 Doziers Landing	2864
1 Fishers Laneing	2789	2 Osage Woman River, &	
4 Portland	2793	Shipmans Island	2866
2 Portland Island	2792	3 Shipmans Landing, &	
2 Bluffton Landing	2797	Jouns's Island	2869
5 Monarchs Landing	2802	4 Howells Island	2873
1 Pannels Landing	2803	2 Bonhomme Island, &	
1 Boat Wright Land'g	2804	Bonhomme River	2875
1 Gasconade Island, &		5 Howards Island	2880
Gasconade River	2805	4 <i>Ille a' Bognette</i>	2884
5 McGirks Island	2810	12 St. Charles Island, &	
2 Herman	2812	St. Charles City	2896
1 Herman Island	2813	6 Islands No. 8 & 9	2902
4 Rush Island	2817	3 Oricks Landing	2905
1 Loutre Island	2818	1 Mullanphy's Island	2906
4 Pinkney Island	2822	2 Musicks Ferry	2908
5 Griswold	2827	3 Pelican Island, &	
1 Pinkney	2828	Orrals Island	2911
1 New Haven, or		3 Brick House Island	2914
Millers Landing	2829	3 Cold Water Creek	2917
12 St. Johns River, &		4 Green Island	2921
St. Johns Island	2841	1 Mississippi River	2922
2 Washington	2843	20 ST. LOUIS	1922



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11
11
41
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5

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